

Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL L 261N

"DOCTOR WHO" 7M

CURSE  
"THE WOLVES OF FENRIC"

by

Ian Briggs

EPISODE ONE

TX  
25/10/89

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READ THRU: 23rd March 1989

OB REHEARSAL: 27th-30th March 1989

OB: 1st-5th April 1989, 8th-11th April 1989

STUDIO REHEARSAL: 14th-24th April 1989

STUDIO: 25th/26th/27th April 1989

"DOCTOR WHO" 7M - 'THE WOLVES OF FENRIC' - EPISODE ONE

CAST:

Captain Sorin  
Sergeant Prozorov  
Vershinin  
Petrossian  
Ace  
The Doctor  
Sergeant Leigh  
Captain Bates  
Perkins  
Dr Judson  
Nurse Crane  
Kathleen Dudman  
Miss Hardaker  
Mr Wainwright  
Jean  
Phyllis  
Commander Millington

NON-SPEAKING:

Russian commandos  
Gayev  
Naval guards  
Parishioners  
Ancient Haemovore (arm of)  
Dead Russian commando  
Wrens

ANIMALS, INFANTS, ETC:

Baby (Audrey)

SETS:

Command Room / Signals Monitoring Room [Hut 5]  
Cave  
Judson's Office / Decrypt Room [Hut 1]  
Bunk Room [Hut 2]  
Vestry  
Crypt  
Cottage  
Millington's Office [Hut 3]

[Note: The Nissen huts are identical in construction -- two rooms connected by a short corridor or lobby -- so it may be possible to build sets for just a couple of them, and then change the furniture and props for different scenes.]

LOCATIONS:

Open Sea

Maidens' Point, comprising:

Shoreline  
Caves  
Rock Pools  
Rocky Outcrop

Naval Camp, comprising:

Old Pit Building  
Compound Area  
Guard Post [interior/exterior]  
Hut 1  
Perimeter Fence  
Common Land  
Hut 5  
Old Pit Building [interior]

St Jude's Church, comprising:

St Jude's Church  
Graveyard

Nave [interior]

Miss Hardaker's Cottage

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY:

1. Open Sea - dinghies paddle overhead
2. Shoreline - Jean and Phyllis swimming above dragon's head
3. Shoreline - seaweed drifts round dragon's head
4. Shoreline - hand catches bracelet by body of dead commando
5. Shoreline - sands swirl round dragon's head

"DOCTOR WHO" 7M

'The Wolves of Fenric'

by

Ian Briggs

EPISODE ONE

1. EXT. OPEN SEA. DAY.

(AN EERIE MIST  
ROLLS ACROSS THE  
SEA.)

USING THE MIST AS  
COVER, A DOZEN OR  
MORE WARTIME  
RUSSIAN COMMANDOS  
IN TWO DINGHIES --  
INCLUDING SORIN,  
PROZOROV,  
VERSHININ AND  
PETROSSIAN IN ONE  
DINGHY, AND GAYEV  
IN THE OTHER --  
PADDLE ACROSS THE  
ROUGH WATER.)

[Note: Just for the record, the  
year is 1943 -- probably May -- and  
the environs are the North  
Yorkshire coast.]

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 1:

Open sea. Day.

POV some unknown creature:  
the two dinghies paddle on  
the surface overhead.



2. EXT. OPEN SEA. DAY.

(ONE OF THE  
DINGHIES  
DISAPPEARS IN THE  
MIST.

PROZOROV LOOKS  
ROUND FOR IT.)

PROZOROV: (SHOUTS, TO SORIN)  
We've lost the others!

SORIN: Keep going!

(NEARLY ALL THE  
COMMANDOS ARE IN  
THEIR EARLY-20s,  
AND ALL OBVIOUSLY  
CRACK TROOPS.

PROZOROV AND SORIN  
ARE VISIBLY OLDER  
AND MORE  
EXPERIENCED --  
MID-30s. SORIN  
WEARS A CAPTAIN'S  
INSIGNIA.  
PROZOROV WEARS A  
SERGEANT'S, AND  
HAS THE PHYSIQUE  
OF A HIGHLY  
TRAINED KILLING  
MACHINE.)

3. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(THE SURVIVING  
DINGHY BEACHES,  
AND THE COMMANDOS  
LEAP OUT.

WITH THE PERFECT  
SYNCHRONIZATION OF  
A WELL DRILLED  
OPERATION, THEY  
LIFT THE DINGHY  
AND RUN UP THE  
BEACH TOWARDS SOME  
CAVES.)

4. EXT. CAVES. DAY.

(THE CAVES ARE AT  
THE FOOT OF A  
WHITE CHALKSTONE  
CLIFF.)

THE COMMANDOS TAKE  
COVER IN ONE OF  
THE CAVES.)

SORIN: Move it! Move it!

(PETROSSIAN  
HESITATES IN FRONT  
OF THE CAVE.)

SORIN (continued): What's the  
matter?

PETROSSIAN: Darkness...

SORIN: (ANGRY) Get in!



5. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(MAYBE STILL MIST  
ABOUT.)

GAYEV, A SURVIVING  
COMMANDO FROM THE  
DINGHY WHICH  
DISAPPEARED, LIES  
IN SHALLOW WATERS,  
COVERED IN CUTS.

HE'S ALIVE, BUT  
FROZEN IN TERROR,  
MOANING SLIGHTLY.)

5a. INT. OLD PIT BUILDING. DAY.

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES  
IN A SHADOWY CORNER)

6. EXT. OLD PIT BUILDING / COMPOUND AREA.  
DAY.

(THE NAVAL BASE  
CONTAINS MAYBE A  
DOZEN NISSEN HUTS,  
BUT OLDER STONE  
BUILDINGS SUGGEST  
THAT THE SITE WAS  
ONCE A WORKS OF  
SOME KIND. IT IS  
AN INLAND BASE --  
NO BOATS.)

MAYBE A LIGHT MIST  
HANGS IN THE AIR.

ONE OR TWO FIGURES  
DRIFT FROM HUT TO  
HUT, BUT THERE IS  
NO OBVIOUS SIGN OF  
SECURITY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
EMERGE FROM THE  
OLD PIT BUILDING,  
AND CAREFULLY MAKE  
THEIR WAY ACROSS  
THE COMPOUND.)

ACE: If this is a top secret  
naval camp, then I'm Lord Nelson.

THE DOCTOR: Whine, whine,  
whine...

ACE: Professor, top secret naval  
camps have men with guns all over  
the place. You don't just stroll  
in.

(THE DOCTOR KNOWS  
SHE'S RIGHT.)

7. INT/EXT. GUARD POST / COMPOUND AREA.  
DAY.

(SERGEANT LEIGH IS  
SECRETLY WATCHING  
THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE, AND REPORTING  
THEIR MOVEMENTS  
INTO A RADIO.)

LEIGH: (SUBDUED) House guests  
leaving the Conservatory...  
Entering the Library...

(LEIGH IS A MARINE  
IN HIS MID-20s, A  
REAL HARD CASE.)

8. INT. COMMAND ROOM. DAY.

(CAPTAIN BATES  
LISTENS TO THE  
RADIO.)

LEIGH: (V/O, FROM RADIO) Will  
reach the Drawing Room in about  
sixty seconds...

(BATES SMILES.

BATES IS LATE-  
20s.)

[Note: Leigh and  
Bates are both  
marines, even  
though their rank  
suggests army.  
Bates is the RMCO  
on the base.]

9. EXT. COMPOUND AREA. DAY.

(ACE LOOKS ROUND  
SUSPICIOUSLY.)

ACE: I've had more difficulty  
getting into Greenford disco  
without a ticket...

THE DOCTOR: You can always go  
back.

ACE: I'd rather go rock-climbing.



10. INT/EXT. GUARD POST / COMPOUND AREA.  
DAY.

(LEIGH STILL  
WATCHES THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE.)

LEIGH: (SUBDUED, INTO RADIO)  
House guests approaching the  
Nursery... Wait -- something's  
wrong! One of them's a girl!

11. INT. COMMAND ROOM. DAY.

(BATES JERKS UP.)

BATES: Say again, lookout.

LEIGH: (V/O, FROM RADIO) One of them's a girl! They're the wrong ones!

(BATES THINKS FOR  
A MOMENT, THEN  
ISSUES NEW  
ORDERS.)

BATES: Rat-trap! Rat-trap now!

12. INT. GUARD POST. DAY.

(HANDS GRAB GUNS  
FROM THE WEAPONS  
RACK.

HALF A DOZEN NAVAL  
GUARDS PILE OUT OF  
THE DOOR.)

13. EXT. COMPOUND AREA. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE SUDDENLY  
SURROUNDED BY  
GUNS.)

LEIGH: Don't move! Hands up!

THE DOCTOR: About time too! Call  
this His Majesty's navy?  
Disgraceful! And those boots are  
filthy, seaman! What would happen  
if the Germans attacked now?

PERKINS: Sorry, sir...

(PERKINS IS A  
NAVAL GUARD, AGED  
ABOUT 19/20.

ACE DECIDES TO  
JOIN IN.)

ACE: In fact, how do you know  
we're not Germans? Well, answer  
me, seaman!

PERKINS: You don't look like  
Germans, ma'am...

ACE: Have you ever seen a German?  
Complete shambles!

THE DOCTOR: You probably don't  
even know which one's Doctor  
Judson's office. Never mind --

(THE DOCTOR SPINS

ROUND AND STRIDES  
OFF TOWARDS A HUT  
MARKED "HUT 1".)

THE DOCTOR (continued): This way.

ACE: (ENJOYING IT ALL) Yes, sir!

14. EXT. CAVES / SHORELINE. DAY.

(PROZOROV  
SCRUTINIZES THE  
AREA WITH A  
PROFESSIONAL EYE.

HE SPOTS THE BODY  
OF GAYEV ON THE  
SHORE.

HE TURNS BACK TO  
THE CAVE.)



15. INT. CAVE. DAY

(SORIN AND THE  
OTHERS ARE  
DEFLATING THE  
DINGHY AND STORING  
EQUIPMENT.)

PROZOROV APPEARS  
IN THE ENTRANCE.)

PROZOROV: Quick, down on the  
beach!

(A NUMBER OF THE  
MEN AUTOMATICALLY  
GRAB WEAPONS AND  
LOOK TO SORIN.)

PETROSSIAN: How long till  
nightfall..?

SORIN: Long enough.

16. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(A COUPLE OF  
COMMANDOS COVER  
AGAINST POSSIBLE  
ATTACK.)

SORIN KNEELS BY  
GAYEV, SHAKING HIM  
URGENTLY.)

SORIN: Gayev, listen to me.  
Where are the sealed orders? You  
had them. What happened to them?

(GAYEV IS IN A  
CATALEPTIC STUPOR,  
TERROR ON HIS  
FACE, AND WHITE  
KNUCKLES ON HIS  
CLENCHED FISTS.)

SORIN (continued): Take him back  
to the cave.

17. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(SORIN ISSUES  
INSTRUCTIONS TO  
THE COMMANDOS.)

SORIN: As soon as it's dark,  
we'll recce the camp. Petrossian,  
you check the shoreline, in case  
anything gets washed up.

PETROSSIAN: Alone?

SORIN: It only needs one.

PETROSSIAN: Will you listen to  
me? There's evil here. Can't you  
feel it cold against your skin?

SORIN: More stupid Armenian  
superstitions? You're supposed to  
be a soldier.

PETROSSIAN: So was he.

(GAYEV'S EYES ARE  
WIDE OPEN, MANIC.)

SORIN: You follow orders.

18. INT. JUDSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(DOCTOR JUDSON  
SITS IN HIS  
WHEELCHAIR,  
SCRIBBLING LOGICAL  
FLOWCHARTS ON A  
BLACKBOARD.)

JUDSON IS IN HIS  
40s. HIS BODY IS  
WEAK, BUT THERE IS  
A FURY IN HIS  
EXPRESSION.

NURSE CRANE -- A  
STRONG, CAPABLE  
WOMAN IN HER  
EARLY-30s -- IS  
CONSTANTLY IN  
ATTENDANCE.

THE DOCTOR BURSTS  
IN, WITH ACE.)

JUDSON: In heaven's name..!

THE DOCTOR: Ah -- you must be  
Doctor Judson. Forgive the  
intrusion. We've travelled a long  
way to meet you.

JUDSON: This is intolerable!

CRANE: A little less excitement  
please, Doctor Judson. Remember  
your blood pressure...

(THE DOCTOR  
STRIDES FORWARD TO  
INSPECT THE  
BLACKBOARDS.)

THE DOCTOR: The Prisoner's Dilemma...

CRANE: You can't just stroll in...

ACE: That's what I told him.

JUDSON: Shut up, Crane. (TO THE DOCTOR) You're familiar with the Prisoner's Dilemma, then?

THE DOCTOR: Based on a flawed premise, don't you find? Like all zero-sum games. But an elegant algorithm nevertheless, Doctor Judson. Tell me, do you have a sheet of official stationery and a typewriter I could use?

JUDSON: On the desk.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(THE DOCTOR BUSIES HIMSELF WITH SOME TYPING.)

JUDSON: You're obviously also an expert in this field, but I'm afraid I don't recognize...

THE DOCTOR: (CONCENTRATING ON HIS TYPING) Ace...

(ACE EXTENDS A HAND TO JUDSON.)

ACE: Hi -- I'm Ace. And this is the Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Doctor...

ACE: Sorry -- the Doctor...

(ACE NOTICES A  
FLIP-FLOP GAME ON  
A DESK, AND  
REACHES FOR IT.)

ACE (continued): Wow, have you  
seen this, Professor?

JUDSON: (SHARP) Put it down,  
child. It's not a toy.

(ACE IS SUDDENLY  
CHASTENED, AND  
DROPS THE FLIP-  
FLOP GAME.)

ACE: I know it's not. It's a  
flip-flop thingy. We used them at  
school.

JUDSON: You understand it?

ACE: Yeah -- it's a logic game.  
Drop marbles in the top, and  
depending on what colour each  
window is, the marble follows a  
different path. You've got a logic  
diagram for it on the blackboard.

JUDSON: Extraordinary. And you  
learnt about logic at school?

ACE: Yeah -- Miss Sydenham taught  
us in computer studies. She was  
well good. Can I borrow this?

THE DOCTOR: Pens -- I need two.

JUDSON: Crane.

(CRANE GIVES THE



DOCTOR TWO  
FOUNTAIN PENS.)

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES  
A PEN IN EACH  
HAND, AND WRITES  
WITH BOTH  
SIMULTANEOUSLY AT  
THE FOOT OF THE  
PAPER HE HAS JUST  
TYPED.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): There.  
(STRAIGHTENS) Come in.

(THERE IS A KNOCK  
AT THE DOOR, AND  
BATES BURSTS IN.  
THE DOCTOR IS  
FANNING THE PAPER  
TO DRY THE INK.)

BATES: Sorry to disturb you, sir,  
but these two are unauthorized  
personnel.

(THE DOCTOR TURNS  
SHARPLY ON BATES.)

THE DOCTOR: Unauthorized? We are—  
here at the urgent request of the  
War Office.

(THE DOCTOR STOPS  
FANNING THE PAPER  
AND HANDS IT OVER.

BATES READS IT.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): I think  
you'll find it's signed by both the  
Prime Minister and His Majesty's  
personal private secretary...

BATES: I do apologize, sir. We weren't informed of your arrival.

THE DOCTOR: Need to know, seaman... Doctor Judson's work at breaking the German codes is crucial to the war effort.

BATES: We thought you must be something to do with those kids from the East End who were evacuated to the village this morning.

ACE: I'm not from the East End...

(THE DOCTOR TREADS  
GENTLY ON ACE'S  
FOOT, AND SHE  
SHUTS UP.)

JUDSON: Perhaps you'd like to see the Ultima machine, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: The Ultima machine -- ah, yes.

JUDSON: Bates, go and fetch Commander Millington.

THE DOCTOR: Commander..? Ah, no, on second thoughts... It's been a tiring day. Perhaps tomorrow, Doctor Judson. (TO BATES) If you could show us to our quarters...

19. EXT. SHORELINE. DUSK.

(PETROSSIAN IS  
WALKING ALONG THE  
SHORE, SEARCHING.

A FEW YARDS AHEAD,  
HE SEES A PACKAGE  
IN SHALLOW WATER.

HE PICKS IT UP.  
CYRILLIC LETTERING  
ON THE OUTSIDE OF  
A WATERPROOF  
PACKAGE.

HE LOOKS  
CAUTIOUSLY ROUND,  
THEN OPENS IT.

HE DRAWS OUT SOME  
PAPERS, MARKED IN  
CYRILLIC. ON TOP  
IS A LARGE PHOTO  
OF JUDSON.)

20. INT. BUNK ROOM. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE  
DOCTOR STAND IN  
THE DOORWAY.)

ACE: Ace! Bunk beds! Bags I go  
on top!

(BUT THE DOCTOR IS  
TRYING TO  
CONCENTRATE ON  
SOMETHING ELSE.)

THE DOCTOR: Quiet, Ace. People  
are trying to sleep.

(ACE LEAPS UP ONTO  
THE TOP BUNK.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS,  
AND SITS ON THE  
EDGE OF THE BOTTOM  
BUNK.

SUDDENLY, ACE'S  
HEAD APPEARS,  
HANGING UPSIDE-  
DOWN FROM THE TOP  
BUNK.)

ACE: Is it all right if I go down  
to the cliffs and do some rock-  
climbing tomorrow?

THE DOCTOR: Go to sleep.

ACE: Sorry...

(ACE'S HEAD

DISAPPEARS AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR GOES TO  
THE LIGHT SWITCH.

HE PAUSES, AS IF  
HE SENSES  
SOMETHING, THEN  
SWITCHES THE LIGHT  
OFF.)

ACE (continued): Night.

(THE DOCTOR PROWL  
ROUND THE ROOM.

THEN HE WALKS  
TOWARDS THE DOOR.)

ACE (continued): Where you off?

THE DOCTOR: The night air. Go to  
sleep.

(THE DOCTOR  
LEAVES.

ACE LOOKS AFTER  
HIM, ANXIOUS.

SHE GETS OUT THE  
FLIP-FLOP GAME SHE  
BORROWED, AND  
HALF-HEARTEDLY  
DROPS A MARBLE  
THROUGH IT A  
COUPLE OF TIMES.

THEN SHE STOPS,  
AND JUST STARES  
UPWARDS.

FROM ANOTHER ROOM,  
A BABY CRIES.

ACE LISTENS.)

KATHLEEN: (OOV, IN ADJOINING  
ROOM) Shh... Don't be scared...  
Mummy's here... Shh...

21. EXT. ROCK POOLS / SHORELINE. DUSK.

(PETROSSIAN MOVES  
FEARFULLY.

STRANGE FOOTSTEPS  
NEARBY.

THE FOOTSTEPS STOP  
AS PETROSSIAN  
FREEZES.

HE MOVES ON  
ANXIOUSLY.

POV AN UNKNOWN  
CREATURE  
FOLLOWING:  
PETROSSIAN STOPS  
AGAIN.

THE UNKNOWN  
CREATURE CONTINUES  
TO ADVANCE.

PETROSSIAN TURNS,  
TERROR IN HIS  
EYES.)



22. EXT. PERIMETER FENCE. NIGHT.

(PERKINS PATROLS  
THE PERIMETER  
FENCE.

HE HEARS SLOW  
FOOTSTEPS  
APPROACHING.

HE ANXIOUSLY  
READIES HIS GUN.

THE DOCTOR EMERGES  
FROM THE SHADOWS.)

PERKINS: Oh, it's you, sir...  
Thank goodness... I thought...  
(TAILS OFF)

THE DOCTOR: (BREAKING IN)  
Eyes... Eyes watching...

23. EXT. COMMON LAND / PERIMETER FENCE.  
NIGHT.

(SORIN HOLDS A  
STOPWATCH, AS HE  
TIMES A SECOND  
GUARD PATROLLING  
THE PERIMETER  
FENCE.)

24. EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP. NIGHT.

(PETROSSIAN  
SCRAMBLES  
TERRIFIED OVER THE  
ROCKS.

POV AN UNKNOWN  
CREATURE IN  
PURSUIT: THE  
CREATURE CLOSES ON  
PETROSSIAN IN  
ALMOST A SWOOP.  
HE IS ENVELOPED  
IN DARKNESS.  
FADE TO BLACK.)

25. EXT. ST JUDE'S CHURCH. DAY.

(THE CHURCH IS  
SLIGHTLY UNUSUAL  
LOOKING. IT IS  
DOMINATED BY A  
BELL TOWER, AND  
LOOKS MORE LIKE A  
SMALL  
FORTIFICATION THAN  
A CONVENTIONAL  
CHURCH.

ONE OR TWO  
PARISHIONERS ARE  
LEAVING AFTER THE  
MORNING SERVICE.

MISS HARDAKER IS  
FIRMLY EXPLAINING  
THINGS TO THE  
VICAR, MR  
WAINWRIGHT. JEAN  
AND PHYLLIS HANG  
AROUND, BORED.

MISS HARDAKER IS A  
SHARP-FACED WOMAN  
IN HER LATE-50s.  
SHE SPEAKS WITH A  
LOCAL NORTH RIDING  
ACCENT.

MR WAINWRIGHT IS A  
HESITANT MAN AGED  
ABOUT 30. HE ALSO  
SPEAKS WITH A  
NORTH RIDING  
ACCENT.

JEAN AND PHYLLIS  
ARE SELF-WILLED  
GIRLS AGED 17/18.  
THEY HAVE EAST END  
ACCENTS.)

HARDAKER: No doubt about it, Mr

Wainwright -- of course we'll win the war. Right is on our side.

WAINWRIGHT: I'm not sure that right is on anyone's side in war, Miss Hardaker.

HARDAKER: Your father must turn in his grave to hear such words. When he was vicar of this parish, there was respect for the Good Book.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARRIVE.)

WAINWRIGHT: Surely faith is more than just words.

HARDAKER: In plain language, doubt and indecision.

THE DOCTOR: Pardon me, I wonder if you could help us. We're looking for Doctor Judson.

WAINWRIGHT: I think he's still working in the crypt. If you'd like to follow me. Excuse me, Miss Hardaker.

(THE DOCTOR  
FOLLOWS WAINWRIGHT  
INTO THE CHURCH.

ACE, MEANWHILE, IS  
CHATTING WITH JEAN  
AND PHYLLIS.)

ACE: Who's the gargoyle? Friend of yours?

JEAN: She's the old bag we've been billeted with.

ACE: Come again?

JEAN: We've been evacuated.

PHYLLIS: We're from London.

ACE: Yeah, me too.

HARDAKER: Now then, girls -- time we were moving.

JEAN: Back to the land of the dead...

ACE: Okay. See you later.

PHYLLIS: Where?

(ACE LOOKS AT A  
SIGNPOST READING  
"MAIDENS' POINT, 2  
MILES".)

PHYLLIS (continued): Maidens' Point? (A SMILE) Well, that rules me and Jean out, for a start.

(ALL THREE SMILE  
CONSPIRATORIALLY.)

ACE: And me. See you later, girls.

(ACE HURRIES AFTER  
THE DOCTOR, AND  
JEAN AND PHYLLIS  
FOLLOW MISS  
HARDAKER.)

26. INT. NAVE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
WAINWRIGHT ARE  
MAKING THEIR WAY  
TOWARDS THE  
VESTRY.)

WAINWRIGHT: I can't see why he  
spends so much time on old  
carvings. I keep telling him it's  
pointless.

THE DOCTOR: Answering questions  
is never pointless.

WAINWRIGHT: That depends on the  
answer.

(ACE CATCHES UP.)

ACE: We're not going to be long  
here, are we, Professor? Only I've  
arranged to meet Phyllis and Jean  
later.

(THEY DISAPPEAR  
INTO THE VESTRY.)



27. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE FOLLOW  
WAINWRIGHT INTO  
THE VESTRY.)

THE VESTRY HAS  
THREE INTERIOR  
DOORS -- LEADING  
TO THE NAVE, DOWN  
TO THE CRYPT, AND  
TO THE BELL TOWER  
-- AND ONE  
EXTERIOR DOOR.

ACE NOTICES  
SEVERAL PIECES OF  
SILVERWARE.)

ACE: Here, Vicar -- you shouldn't  
leave all this silverware lying  
about. You're wide open.

WAINWRIGHT: Aye, I've been  
meaning to get a stronger lock  
fitted to the door. But, what with  
the war and everything...

(THE DOCTOR  
FOLLOWS WAINWRIGHT  
THROUGH THE DOOR  
DOWN TO THE CRYPT.)

ACE HANGS BACK AND  
CHECKS THE OUTSIDE  
DOOR. IT'S VERY  
INSECURE.)



28. INT. CRYPT. DAY.

(JUDSON IS COPYING  
RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS  
FROM THE WALLS BY  
TORCHLIGHT. CRANE  
SITS NEARBY.)

[Note: See  
appendix for  
details of futhark  
lettering in runic  
inscriptions.]

WAINWRIGHT ENTERS,  
FOLLOWED BY THE  
DOCTOR AND ACE.)

JUDSON: Ah, Doctor -- what do you  
make of these, then?

(THE DOCTOR PEERS  
AT THE RUNIC  
INSCRIPTIONS.)

THE DOCTOR: Fascinating... Look  
at these, Ace.

ACE: They look like Viking  
carvings.

THE DOCTOR: Viking rune stones.  
Ninth century, yes?

JUDSON: You evidently know more  
about it than I do.

THE DOCTOR: It's the alphabet.  
The later Vikings used a shorter,

sixteen-character alphabet.

JUDSON: Don't tell me! I like a challenge. If the Ultima machine can break the most sophisticated Nazi ciphers, some ninth-century scribblings shouldn't be much of a problem.

(ACE IS STANDING  
SLIGHTLY APART BY  
A WALL.

HER ATTENTION IS  
CAUGHT BY SOME  
SOUNDS -- VAGUELY  
LIKE MACHINERY  
SEVERAL ROOMS  
AWAY.)

ACE: Professor, what's that noise?

(THEY ALL LISTEN.

NO NOISE.)

THE DOCTOR: What noise?

ACE: Like a machine.

THE DOCTOR: Probably the organ bellows. Come on. Let's leave Doctor Judson to his puzzles.

(THE DOCTOR LEADS  
OFF, WITH ACE  
FOLLOWING.)

ACE: Yeah, okay -- it's just, I could have sworn... (TAILS OFF)

29. EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY.

(ACE IS TRAILING  
AFTER THE DOCTOR.)

ACE: No, it was definitely some  
kind of machinery, Professor.

(ACE SEES THAT THE  
DOCTOR ISN'T  
LISTENING.)

ACE (continued): But don't bother  
listening to me. I'm only the  
waitress...

THE DOCTOR: Look.

ACE: Yeah, graves.

THE DOCTOR: Look at the ground.

ACE: Oh yeah -- there's a sort of  
dip in it.

THE DOCTOR: Caused by subsidence  
-- and since the graves were dug.

ACE: How do you know?

(THE DOCTOR  
INDICATES A  
HEADSTONE LEANING  
AT A PRECARIOUS  
ANGLE.)

THE DOCTOR: Either that or they'd

been at the communion wine when they put this headstone up.

(ACE PEERS AT THE  
LETTERING ON THE  
HEADSTONE:

"JOSEPH SUNDVIK,  
"BORN 8 APRIL  
1809,  
"DIED 3 FEBRUARY  
1872.

"FLORENCE SUNDVIK,  
"BORN 3 JULY 1820,  
"DIED 12 JANUARY  
1898.

"MARY ELIZA  
MILLINGTON,  
"BORN 4 MARCH  
1898,  
"DIED 17 MARCH  
1898,  
"SUFFER THE LITTLE  
CHILDREN.")

THE DOCTOR (continued):  
Sundvik... Must have been  
descendants of the original Viking  
settlers.

ACE: Look, the last one. Born  
4th of March 1898, died 17th of  
March 1898. She only lived  
thirteen days. Poor thing.

THE DOCTOR: Where did you say  
you're meeting those other two  
girls?

ACE: Somewhere called Maidens'  
Point.

THE DOCTOR: I think I'll come  
with you.

30. EXT. MISS HARDAKER'S COTTAGE. DAY.

(A DOUR STONE  
COTTAGE, ALMOST  
HEARTLESS.  
ADHESIVE TAPE ON  
THE WINDOW PANES  
IS A REMINDER OF  
THE WAR TAKING  
PLACE.)

HARDAKER: (V/O) Maidens'  
Point..?

31. INT. COTTAGE. DAY.

(MISS HARDAKER IS  
LECTURING JEAN AND  
PHYLLIS. THERE'S  
A TERRIBLE LOOK IN  
HER EYE.)

HARDAKER: (CONTINUING) Did you  
say Maidens' Point?

PHYLLIS: We only want to go for a  
walk. Maybe have a swim.

HARDAKER: I know what girls who  
go to Maidens' Point have in mind.  
You will never go near the place.  
Neither of you.

JEAN: All right -- keep your hair  
on.

HARDAKER: You impudent child. Do  
you know why it's called Maidens'  
Point? Because when you stand on  
the cliffs you can hear the  
terrible, lost cries of girls who  
went to that place with evil in  
their hearts. Girls who are damned  
forever. Mark my words -- there's  
evil at Maidens' Point...

(SFX, BRIEFLY: THE  
TERRIBLE RAUCOUS  
CRY OF SEABIRDS.

CUT TO:.)



32. EXT. ROCK POOLS. DAY.

(THE SEABIRDS  
SCREECH OVERHEAD.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
ARE LOOKING OUT TO  
SEA.)

ACE: I like watching the sea. It  
makes me feel so small. You'd  
think they'd take their rubbish  
home with them, wouldn't you?

THE DOCTOR: What's that..?

ACE: Rubbish. People come here  
for a picnic, and leave their  
rubbish behind.

(SHE INDICATES THE  
PACKAGE PETROSSIAN  
DROPPED IN A SMALL  
POOL.)

THE DOCTOR: I don't think this is  
the kind of place people come for  
picnics.

(HE PICKS THE  
PAPERS UP AND  
GLANCES AT THEM:  
PHOTO OF JUDSON,  
MAP OF THE COAST,  
PLAN OF THE NAVAL  
BASE.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): And I  
don't think these were just  
holidaymakers. Not English anyway.

ACE: Germans! German spies!

THE DOCTOR: Look at the lettering on the papers.

ACE: Greek..?

THE DOCTOR: Russian.

ACE: But they were on our side during the war... We'd better warn them at the camp.

THE DOCTOR: I think they already know...

ACE: Where do you suppose the Russians are now?

THE DOCTOR: More to the point is where have they come from? All the way through German-occupied Europe? Or... (LOOKS OUT TO SEA) ... from the North -- like Vikings..? I'm going back to the church.

(ACE'S FACE FALLS)

ACE: Church...

THE DOCTOR: All right, stay here if you find churches so boring. (LOOKS ROUND) But make sure you leave before it gets dark...



33. INT. MILLINGTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(SILENCE.

A CHESS SET IN  
MID-GAME -- NORSE  
GODS AND GODDESSES  
FOR THE NAMED  
PIECES, VIKING  
WARRIORS' HELMETS  
FOR THE PAWNS.

A PICTURE OF  
HITLER.

SOME FOLDERS  
MARKED "ULTIMA  
PROJECT -- TOP  
SECRET" AND  
"GERMAN NAVAL  
DECRYPTS --  
CLASSIFIED".

AN OLD PHOTO OF  
THE PUPILS AND  
STAFF AT A SCHOOL.  
A PHOTO OF A YOUNG  
MAN -- MILLINGTON  
20 YEARS AGO -- AS  
A JUNIOR OFFICER.  
A MORE RECENT  
PHOTO OF A SHIP'S  
CREW.

FILING CABINETS  
MARKED "GERMAN  
NAVAL SIGNALS  
TRAFFIC, SEPT-OCT  
1939", "GERMAN  
NAVAL SIGNALS  
TRAFFIC, NOV-DEC  
1939", AND SO ON  
UP TO MAY 1943.

A DESK NAME PLATE:  
"COMMANDER A. H.  
MILLINGTON".

BEHIND THE PLATE,  
TWO HANDS PLACED  
MOTIONLESS ON THE  
DESK, GOLD BRAID  
ON THE SLEEVE  
INDICATING NAVAL  
RANK.

THERE IS A KNOCK  
AT THE DOOR, AND  
BATES BURSTS IN.

HE FREEZES WHEN HE  
SEES MILLINGTON.)

BATES: Sorry, sir...

(BATES BACKS OUT  
AND CLOSSES THE  
DOOR.

MILLINGTON SITS  
IMPASSIVE, AS IF  
MESMERIZED.

HE IS IN HIS 40s,  
AND HAS A  
DISTURBING FACE --  
EYES THAT PIERCE  
TO THE SOUL.

MILLINGTON STARTS  
SLIGHTLY, AS  
THOUGH WAKING.

HE LOOKS AT THE  
CHESS GAME.

HE STANDS AND  
LEAVES THE OFFICE.

PHYLLIS'S SHRIEK  
CUTS THROUGH THE  
QUIET.)

PHYLLIS: (V/O, A SHRIEK)  
No-o-o...!

34. EXT. CAVES / ROCKY OUTCROP. DAY.

(PHYLLIS IS ROPED  
JUST BENEATH A  
LEDGE.)

PHYLLIS: (CONTINUING, A LAUGH)  
No, I can't! I can't!

(ACE AND JEAN ARE  
STANDING AT THE  
FOOT OF THE CLIFF.  
ACE IS HOLDING THE  
OTHER END OF  
PHYLLIS'S ROPE.  
EVERYONE IS  
LAUGHING.)

JEAN: (LAUGHING) You're always  
such a baby doll, Phyllis! You'll  
love it! Makes you feel all funny  
inside..!

PHYLLIS: All right... Get ready  
to catch me..!

(AMIDST LARGE  
AMOUNTS OF  
SHRIEKING AND  
LAUGHTER, ACE  
LOWERS PHYLLIS TO  
THE GROUND.

THEY ALL COLLAPSE  
ON THE ROCKS,  
PANTING.)

ACE: .Want to do it again?

PHYLLIS: (A SHRIEK) No..!

(THEY ALL LAUGH  
AGAIN.)

JEAN: She enjoys it really..!  
You should hear what they call her  
at school!

PHYLLIS: Jean..!

(PHYLLIS AND JEAN  
GIGGLE.)

JEAN: Your uncle doesn't mind you  
coming down here by yourself?

ACE: Who? Oh -- the Professor.  
No, he's okay really.

PHYLLIS: The old witch said we  
hadn't to come here.

JEAN/PHYLLIS (simultaneously):  
There's evil in the water..!

(ALL THREE LAUGH.

JEAN AND PHYLLIS  
LOOK AT EACH  
OTHER.)

JEAN: Come on!

(JEAN AND PHYLLIS  
GRAB THEIR  
SATCHELS, AND RACE  
OFF.

ACE RUNS AFTER.

UNSEEN BY ANY OF  
THEM, THE BODY OF  
PETROSSIAN LIES  
NEARBY, TERROR ON  
ITS FACE.)

35. INT. DECRYPT ROOM. DAY.

(JUDSON IS RE-  
SETTING THE ROTORS  
IN THE CENTRAL  
UNIT OF THE ULTIMA  
MACHINE.

THE MACHINE ITSELF  
FILLS MOST OF THE  
ROOM. IT IS AN  
EARLY COMPUTER:  
BANKS OF RELAY  
SWITCHES AND  
VALVES, WITH A  
SMALL TELEGRAPH  
KEYBOARD AND  
TELEPRINTER.

MILLINGTON  
ENTERS.)

JUDSON: The North Atlantic U-  
boats have changed ciphers again.  
That's twice this month.

MILLINGTON: Can we crack them?

JUDSON: It might take a few days  
longer. They seem to be using six  
rotors now, instead of five.

MILLINGTON: Get inside the Nazi  
mind, Judson. Learn to think the  
way they think. It's the only way  
to understand their ciphers.

JUDSON: The machine will do it.

(JUDSON SLOTS THE  
ROTOR UNIT BACK  
INTO POSITION, AND

PLUGS ITS WIRES  
IN.)

JUDSON (continued): This is just the first. There will be many more. In the future. Computing machines. Thinking machines.

(HE TYPES A  
SEQUENCE OF  
LETTERS INTO THE  
MACHINE.

THE VALVES GLOW  
WITH LIFE. THE  
RELAYS BEGIN TO  
CLICK.)

MILLINGTON: But whose thoughts will they think..?

(MILLINGTON SNAPS  
SHUT A LOCK THAT  
SECURES THE ROTOR  
UNIT.)



36. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(WAINWRIGHT IS  
READING AN OLD  
RECORD BOOK, WHEN  
THE DOCTOR ENTERS.)

WAINWRIGHT  
HURRIEDLY SHUTS  
THE BOOK.)

WAINWRIGHT: Beg your pardon... I  
didn't hear you...

THE DOCTOR: Possibly not.

WAINWRIGHT: What can I do for  
you, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I'd like to know the  
answer.

WAINWRIGHT: I'm afraid I don't  
understand...

THE DOCTOR: Afraid, yes -- but of  
what? Is it those Viking  
inscriptions?

WAINWRIGHT: Doctor, there are  
some questions better left  
unanswered...

THE DOCTOR: But it's too late,  
isn't it? Someone has already  
translated the inscriptions.

WAINWRIGHT: It's probably all  
nonsense... Some records my

grandfather made while he was vicar  
of St Jude's at the end of the last  
century...

(RELUCTANTLY,  
WAINWRIGHT HANDS  
OVER THE RECORD  
BOOK.)

WAINWRIGHT (continued): He  
translated the Viking inscriptions.  
I wish to heavens he never had...



37. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(JEAN AND PHYLLIS  
ARE SWIMMING IN  
1940s BATHING  
COSTUMES.)

ACE STANDS ON SOME  
ROCKS, WATCHING.)

JEAN: Come on! Don't be such a  
baby doll!

ACE: Nah -- swimming's stupid.

PHYLLIS: It's lovely and warm.

ACE: Anyway, it's dangerous.

(ACE INDICATES A  
WEATHERED AND  
SEAWEED-STREWN  
SIGN SAYING  
"DANGEROUS  
UNDERCURRENTS".)

JEAN: You're just a baby doll...

(JEAN AND PHYLLIS  
SWIM AWAY.)

ACE: (TO HERSELF) Stupid...

(HESITANTLY ACE  
TURNS AND WALKS  
AWAY.)

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 2:Shoreline. Day.

POV some unknown creature:  
the bodies of JEAN and  
PHYLLIS kicking near the  
surface overhead.

Only a few feet beneath  
their legs, the huge prow  
of a centuries-old Viking  
longship: a fierce  
dragon's head, shrouded in  
seaweed.

38. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR READS  
FROM THE RECORD  
BOOK.)

THE DOCTOR: (READS) We hoped to  
return to the North Way, carrying  
home the great treasure from the  
Silk Lands in the east, but the  
dark evil followed our dragonship.

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 3:Shoreline. Day.

Seaweed about the dragon's head drifts in the water.

THE DOCTOR: (V/O, CONTINUES READING) Black fog turned day into night, and the fingers of death reached out from the waters. I carve these stones in memory of Jørun and Torkel, courageous friends who died in the Baltic Sea.

39. INT. CRYPT. DAY.

(THE RUNIC  
INSCRIPTIONS, AGE-  
OLD, SILENT.)

THE DOCTOR: (V/O, CONTINUES  
READING) I carve these stones in  
memory of Asmund, Røgnvald, Ozur  
and Halfdan, brave warriors who  
died in the North Sea. I carve  
these stones in memory of Yngvar,  
my only brother.

40. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STILL READING, AS  
WAINWRIGHT LOOKS  
ON.)

THE DOCTOR: (CONTINUES READING)  
We sought haven in Northumbria, and  
took refuge at a place called  
Maidens' Bay. But the dark evil  
has followed us to this place.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
UP AT WAINWRIGHT.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Maidens'  
Bay? That's Maidens' Point. I've  
just left Ace there...

ACE: (OOV) Yeah -- but I'm back  
now, aren't I?

(THE DOCTOR AND  
WAINWRIGHT TURN TO  
SEE ACE STROLLING  
IN.)

ACE (continued): What you got  
there, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: It's a translation of  
the Viking inscriptions. And I've  
just noticed something.

ACE: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Something I just  
read. (READS IT AGAIN) We hoped

to return to the North Way, bearing  
the great treasure.

(THE DOCTOR PULLS  
THE PACKAGE OF  
RUSSIAN DOCUMENTS  
FROM HIS POCKET.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Now  
listen to this. (READS IN RUSSIAN)  
Vozravchayetes v Norwegioo s  
sakrovischem.

ACE: I only did French O-Level...

THE DOCTOR: (EXPLAINS) Return to  
Norway with the treasure...  
(SMILES) Let's see how Doctor  
Judson is getting along, shall  
we..?



41. EXT. ROCK POOLS. DAY.

(BOTH GIRLS HAVE  
CHANGED BACK INTO  
ORDINARY CLOTHES.  
JEAN IS TOWELLING  
HER HAIR, WHILE  
PHYLLIS RE-APPLIES  
NYLON SEAMS DOWN  
THE BACK OF JEAN'S  
LEGS.)

PHYLLIS: Hold still, will you?

JEAN: Make me look like Lana  
Turner.

PHYLLIS: You mean Betty Grable.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH  
OTHER, A TWINKLE  
IN THEIR EYES.)

JEAN/PHYLLIS (simultaneous): Jane  
Russell!

(THEY COLLAPSE  
LAUGHING AND  
GIGGLING.

AS THEY COMPOSE  
THEMSELVES, JEAN  
FINDS A SMALL  
OBJECT LYING  
AMONGST THE  
ROCKS.)

JEAN: Hey -- look at this...

(THE OBJECT

LOOKS A BIT LIKE  
RANDOM METAL  
OBJECTS FROM THE  
PAST WELDED  
TOGETHER WITH  
CORAL.)

PHYLLIS: What is it?

JEAN: I don't know.

(JEAN PICKS IT  
UP.)

JEAN (continued): Ooh... it feels  
funny... Sort of tingly... Here.

(JEAN GIVES IT TO  
PHYLLIS.)

WHEN PHYLLIS FEELS  
IT, SHE DROPS IT.)

PHYLLIS: Oh! It's like  
electric...

(JEAN REACHES FOR  
IT AGAIN.)

PHYLLIS (continued): No, leave  
it. I don't like it...

JEAN: (SHRUGS) Just a bit of  
junk... Come on. We don't want  
the old bag to be worrying.

(THEY BUNDLE THEIR  
THINGS INTO THEIR  
SACHELS, AND SET  
OFF.)

42. EXT. CAVES / ROCK POOLS. DAY.

(CROUCHED BEHIND  
SOME NEARBY ROCKS,  
PROZOROV IS  
WATCHING JEAN AND  
PHYLLIS LEAVE.

HE HAS THEM IN HIS  
GUNSIGHTS.

AS THEY APPROACH,  
HIS FINGER  
TIGHTENS ON THE  
TRIGGER.)

PROZOROV: (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF)  
No closer... Please...

JEAN/PHYLLIS (simultaneous): (IN  
THE DISTANCE) Alice Faye..!

(SHRIEKS OF  
LAUGHTER FROM THE  
TWO GIRLS.

THEY VEER AWAY  
FROM PROZOROV, AND  
DISAPPEAR IN A  
DIFFERENT  
DIRECTION.

PROZOROV'S FINGER  
RELAXES ON THE  
TRIGGER.)

43. INT. JUDSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(JUDSON IS  
SCRIBBLING ON THE  
BLACKBOARD. NURSE  
CRANE SITS BY.)

THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
ENTER.)

THE DOCTOR: Doctor Judson --  
something here that might interest  
you.

JUDSON: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: A nineteenth-century  
translation of the Viking  
inscriptions -- courtesy of Mr  
Wainwright's grandfather.

(JUDSON WHEELS  
RAPIDLY ACROSS TO  
THE DOCTOR.)

JUDSON OPENS THE  
BOOK AT A PAGE,  
AND SCANS IT.)

JUDSON: Ah, yes... (READS)  
Night is the time of the dark evil,  
and no man is safe alone...

(JUDSON TURNS TO  
ANOTHER PAGE.)

JUDSON (continued): This is  
invaluable... (READS) The waters  
are the most dangerous.

44. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(PROZOROV'S BOOTS  
APPEAR ALONGSIDE  
THE STRANGE OBJECT  
DROPPED BY  
PHYLLIS.

PROZOROV BENDS AND  
PICKS THE OBJECT  
UP.

HE REACTS TO THE  
SENSATION WITH  
DISLIKE.)

JUDSON: (V/O, CONTINUING) The  
dark evil lies waiting in the sea.  
It has followed us here. We cannot  
see it. But we know that it is  
there.

(PROZOROV THROWS  
THE OBJECT WITH  
ALL HIS STRENGTH  
TOWARDS THE SEA.

THE OBJECT SPINS  
THROUGH THE AIR.

THEN IT HITS THE  
SURFACE OF THE  
WATER AND  
DISAPPEARS.)

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 4:

Shoreline. Day.

The object floats down  
through the water.

JUDSON: (V/O, CONTINUING)  
Beneath the surface. Beyond  
seeing. But it is there.

An inhuman hand -- the  
ANCIENT HAEMOVORE's, whom  
we shall meet in a later  
episode -- reaches through  
the water, and catches the  
falling object.

The fingernails are long  
and sharp like razors.

JUDSON (continued): (V/O) And  
one by one, our crew is being  
killed...

Caught in the dragon prow,  
is the body of a DEAD  
RUSSIAN COMMANDO. He is  
covered in deep bloodless  
cuts.



45. INT. SIGNALS MONITORING ROOM. DAY.

(A DOZEN OR MORE  
WRENS -- MOSTLY IN  
THEIR EARLY-20s --  
SIT DOWN EITHER  
SIDE OF TRESTLE-  
TABLES. EACH HAS  
A WIRELESS SET AND  
A PAIR OF  
HEADPHONES. THERE  
IS THE FAINT SOUND  
OF MORSE CODE.  
THE WRENS ARE  
EITHER NOTING DOWN  
THE CODE AS THEY  
LISTEN, OR ARE  
SCANNING THROUGH  
THE WAVELENGTHS IN  
SEARCH OF  
TRANSMISSIONS.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
PEER IN.)

ACE: I never knew they had  
personal stereos in 1943....

THE DOCTOR: They're listening in  
on coded German radio messages.

(KATHLEEN NOTICES  
THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE, SO SHE TAKES  
OFF HER HEADPHONES  
TO TALK.)

KATHLEEN: (KEEPING HER VOICE  
DOWN) Are you looking for someone?

(KATHLEEN DUDMAN  
IS EARLY-20s AND  
CHEERY FACED. SHE



SPEAKS WITH A  
NORTH RIDING  
ACCENT.)

THE DOCTOR: Just being nosy.

KATHLEEN: We're the girls. I'm  
Kathleen.

(SHE INDICATES THE  
WRENS.

ONE OR TWO LOOK UP  
AND SMILE OR  
WAVE.)

ACE: Cor, look, Professor! A  
baby!

(KATHLEEN'S BABY  
IS LYING IN A  
CARRYCOT BEHIND  
KATHLEEN'S PLACE.  
THE BABY IS ONLY A  
FEW MONTHS OLD --  
VULNERABLE-  
LOOKING, BUT  
UTTERLY  
CUDDLESOME.)

[Note: It should  
be a real baby for  
this scene.]

ACE (continued): Is it yours?

KATHLEEN: Yes -- and she's a she.

ACE: She's lovely. Can I..?

THE DOCTOR: You'll have to excuse  
her. She's from Perivale.

KATHLEEN: That's all right. Of  
course you can hold her.

ACE: Ace.

(KATHLEEN PICKS  
THE BABY UP, AND  
PASSES HER TO  
ACE.)

KATHLEEN: Where's Perivale?

ACE (continued): You don't want  
to know. Hang on -- she's  
upside-... Right...

KATHLEEN: Just put your arm  
underneath... Got her?

ACE: Think so...

(KATHLEEN  
RELINQUISHES THE  
BABY, LEAVING ACE  
HOLDING HER.)

ACE (continued): Oh, look,  
Professor -- isn't she beautiful..?  
Look at her little fingernails.  
They're so tiny -- so perfect and  
tiny...

THE DOCTOR: (SIGHS) Every one a  
heart-breaker...

ACE: What's she called?

KATHLEEN: Audrey.

(ACE'S FACE  
FALLS.)

ACE: Oh...

KATHLEEN: Don't you like it?

ACE: It's what my mum was called.  
I hate it.

(THE BABY BEGINS  
TO SOUND A BIT  
FRETFUL.)

ACE (continued): Oh, I think she  
wants to go back to you.

(ACE PASSES THE  
BABY BACK.

MILLINGTON ENTERS.

KATHLEEN'S  
CHEERINESS  
SUDDENLY  
EVAPORATES, AND  
THE ONE OR TWO  
WRENS WHO HAVE  
BEEN WATCHING THE  
BABY HURRIEDLY  
RETURN TO THEIR  
WORK.

MILLINGTON SEES  
THE BABY IN  
KATHLEEN'S ARMS.)

MILLINGTON: Dudman. I gave you  
clear instructions that the baby  
was not to remain in the camp.

KATHLEEN: Yes, sir...

MILLINGTON: Well?

KATHLEEN: I thought she could  
stay with my cousin, sir. But  
their cottage is too small...

MILLINGTON: Twenty-four hours,  
Dudman. Or I shall have you  
dismissed from service.

- np 1/70 -

KATHLEEN: Sir...

ACE: Here -- who do you think you are, armpit..?

THE DOCTOR: Shh... Not now...

(THE DOCTOR  
BUSTLES ACE OUT.

MILLINGTON BARELY  
SEEMS TO HAVE  
NOTICED THEM.

HE SURVEYS THE  
ROOMFUL OF WOMEN  
WITH DISTASTE, AND  
HIS EXPRESSION  
TWISTS.)

46. EXT. HUT 5 / HUT 1 / COMPOUND AREA.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE APPEAR FROM HIDING  
ROUND THE CORNER  
OF HUT 5 -- WHICH  
HAS LARGE RADIO  
AERIALS ON IT.)

ACE: Why didn't you let me sort  
him out, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Because there are  
more effective ways. Look.

(MILLINGTON  
EMERGES FROM HUT  
5.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
WATCH AS HE  
CROSSES THE  
COMPOUND AND GOES  
INTO HUT 1.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Come on.

ACE: Where are we off?

THE DOCTOR: I thought we might  
have a quick rummage in his  
office...

47. INT. MILLINGTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(THE OFFICE IS  
EMPTY.

CAUTIOUSLY, THE  
DOOR OPENS, AND  
THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
ENTER.)

THE DOCTOR: Extraordinary...

ACE: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: This office -- the  
filing system -- they're an almost  
perfect replica of the German Naval  
Cipher files in Berlin. Even the  
picture of Hitler.

ACE: Commander Millington's a  
spy?

THE DOCTOR: No, no. He's trying  
to think the way the Germans think  
-- anticipate their next move. But  
he's done it so perfectly... What  
else have we got..?

(THE DOCTOR STARTS  
TO POKE AROUND  
SOME MORE.

HE FINDS THE  
SCHOOL PHOTO.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Well,  
well, well... The old school  
tie...

ACE: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: It seems that Doctor Judson and Commander Millington were at school together.

(ACE HAS FOUND THE  
CHESS GAME.)

ACE: Why's everyone here so interested in Vikings?

(THE DOCTOR COMES  
TO LOOK.)

THE DOCTOR: Yes -- why..?



UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 5:

Shoreline. Day.

Sands swirl round the  
dragon prow.

48. INT. JUDSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(MILLINGTON STANDS  
OVER JUDSON.)

MILLINGTON: A girl? From the War  
Office?

JUDSON: Mathematical specialists.  
She understands the logic diagrams.  
And they've found an old  
translation of those Viking  
inscriptions.

(MILLINGTON TURNS  
ON JUDSON, AND  
TAKES THE OLD  
RECORD BOOK. HE  
BEGINS TO READ  
FROM NEAR THE  
END.)

MILLINGTON: Let me see. (READS)  
I warn of the day when the earth  
shall fall asunder, and all of  
heaven too. The six wolves of  
Fenric shall return for their  
treasure. And then shall the dark  
evil rule eternally.

(MILLINGTON LOOKS  
UP, HIS EYES  
MANIC.)

MILLINGTON (continued): This is  
it! The final battle between the  
gods and the beasts... It's now,  
Judson! This war is the Sword  
Time. And soon -- the Wolf Time!

49. EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
STRIDES ON, WITH  
ACE HURRYING  
BEHIND.)

ACE: I'm confused, Professor.  
What's it got to do with the  
Russian papers?

THE DOCTOR: My guess is that  
we'll find out down here. It must  
be somewhere near where we found  
them.

(ACE LOOKS IN A  
SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT  
PLACE.)

ACE: Well -- what are we looking  
for? I mean, is it big or...  
(STOPS SUDDENLY)

(ACE FREEZES,  
LOOKING DOWN,  
FRIGHTENED.)

ACE (continued): Professor...

THE DOCTOR: What have you found?

(THE DOCTOR JOINS  
ACE AND LOOKS  
DOWN.

AT THEIR FEET IS  
THE BODY OF  
PETROSSIAN, RAZOR-  
LIKE CUTS OVER HIS

BODY, BUT NO  
BLOOD.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Yes --  
not very pleasant... But what is  
he holding?

(THE DOCTOR KNEELS  
AND PRISES OPEN  
PETROSSIAN'S  
CLENCHED FIST.

INSIDE IS ANOTHER  
STRANGE PIECE OF  
METALWORK, SIMILAR  
TO THE EARLIER  
STRANGE OBJECT.

THE SOUND OF  
SEVERAL GUNS BEING  
COCKED MAKES THE  
DOCTOR LOOK UP.

RUSSIAN COMMANDOS  
ARE SURROUNDING  
THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
WITH GUNS.

THE STING OF THE  
CLOSING CREDITS  
ENDS THE SCENE.)

FADE OUT